

Canibus Lyrics

"Canibus Autobiography (Part 01)"

[Intro - Caller, Jay Z & (Howard Stern):]

(Go ahead you're on the air with Jay Z)

Hey Jay, what's up man?

What's happenin'?

With uh, today's market

Pretty much watered down by people that took Biggie's style

How do you feel about talent like Canibus not gettin' a fair shake?

Um, I, I think all artists should get a fair shake

Uh Talib Kweli, Common Sense, Canibus

You know, I like the guy's integrity

[Hook x2:]

(To my people) This is my audiobiography

This is my audiobiography

(To all my people) This is my audiobiography

Nobody can tell it but me

[Verse 1:]

Paul Allen's birthday party, aboard the Crystal Harmony

1998, so far from poverty

Sixty nautical miles off the Beach of Sound

Madonna's music playin' in the background

Dr. Boots sat across from me, Bill Gates walked out

Angela Basset tried to talk to me

He pointed to his residence, off the starboard bow

Looked like the president's White House, we all said, "Wow"

In my mind I'm like, "This is dope right now"

I just sat down, sip some white wine and lounge

He asked everybody if they was enjoyin' theyself

I thought to myself, "Of course we enjoyin' your wealth"

He asked me, "What do you do?" I told him, "I'm an entertainer"

He said, "A singer?" I said, "Nah, I produce bangers"

I didn't fit in, fat gold chain on

Pure player sweatsuit, Timbs and shades on

Paul Allen standin' there with Elvis Presley sideburns

I guess that was to keep his face warm

This bad shorty I was with, yeah she brought me along as a guest

I had to give it to her, I was impressed

We spent four days and five nights, wine and twilight

I didn't give a fuck about no Source and five mics

[?], Kweli doin' Datwon Thomas

Them wicked ones used Hip-Hop to divide us

[Hook x2]

[Verse 2:]

I'm a genius of compositions like Mike Mothersbaugh of the hood

In a circular line between studio Hollywood
I stood right there, and watched them produce the theme song for a film that I wasn't into
Back to the East Coast boom bap beats, I agree
[?] and Danielle, Lost Boys [?] routine
Clark Kent, Peter Panic, [?], CL from Cornerstone
Give me another shot of Cortisone
The Lex coupe, Bimmers, Benz, [?] and Bentleys
Star Wars, car wash, customer friendly
Goin' through the Hollow Tunnel, clock at 1:20
If it wasn't for Kevin, Treach would've killed Wendy
Talkin' all that shit, comin' outta Hot 97, Big Pun was like, "Fall back 'Bis"
I ran [?] in the rain, flat tire tack expire
The Negro League had a deal with Mariah
And the penthouse ponies from Kayah
At the table with the homie and Naomi when he gave her them diamonds
Hop the train to NBC and BK
Got groceries for this nigga, let me see what he say
They was solid gold, can't argue with that, right?
Always hold my niggas down that's the story of my life
My memory base jumpin' all over the place
Just put the pieces together, ain't none of it fake

[Hook x2]

[Verse 3:]

West Coast Californ-i-a, shit is real
In the front yard smokin' some turtle with Henry Hill
He put me on the phone with Cameron G in Seattle
We was just talkin' 'bout life, it's all natural
I told him 'bout how I do music, nothin' major
I just came back from Fort Lewis via Vegas
Henry was writtin' a book, workin' on the pages
I remember the movie 'bout his life he was famous
He asked me 'bout Second Round, don't ask me why
Bad Boys don't advertise but I had to comply
I said how cool Mike was, don't believe the lies
And how Tyson lived next to the Sultan of Brunei
I drove Mike's Porsche up to the Sultan's gate
He act sad like security be at the wake
He got out, walked inside, it's night time
They had a mini horse track around the property line
I lost money at Kentucky Derby, 'cause I ain't lucky like that
I just got memories about rap
Remember put this in your CD Rom, www.canibus.com
Few people understood where I was goin' when I said it
I was so far ahead in the future, I regret it
Isolated, forced to fight with the basics, I looked crazy
But the truth is, it's so amazin'
I got friends in high places
But countless enemies with deep seeded hatred who don't want me to say shit

[Hook x2]

[Verse 4:]

They took away my green card, figaro
Mickey the monkey can't travel overseas no mo'
I moved back to Atlanta, back to the basics
Northside Drive, Dallas, Austin lives in a space ship
Stamps in my passport, been many places
So many situations, so many faces
In the limo with the high priest on the way to a Sony party
The only time I met Nas
Me [?] and the high priest skip in line
We had beast with us, lookin' like Spetsnaz
We stepped inside, everybody knew I wrecked rhymes like, "Bring the record back Selektah"
From twenty minutes a bounce, it was more like ten
But who's countin'? And that's when everything got clouded
The high priest had on black tuxedo slacks
With red shirt and red alligators to match
Back in the limo, I'm lookin' at my world through a tinted window
I'm thinkin', "Can it all be so simple?"
The priest put his hand on his heart, Pledge of Allegiance
And said he was the son of [?], believe it
He wore a pinky ring, said the ring made him a mobsta
Then he said [?] was his father
That's Theodore Bowen, Jessibell [?]
Timmy Visine fell for mafia all day
It got to be something to it 'cause they live like gods
And it's the truth, that's some real Hip-Hop hoorah

[Hook x2]

[Verse 5:]

K-Solo, BOLO, Pac-Man
Born Sun, David Madison, the Sharpshooter Clan
Maintainin' my mojo, record vocals
I went from underground to worldwide pan global
Back to independent, distributed local
Life is so anecdotal, I still rep like I'm supposed to
2005, summertime, Orlando
Shaquille O'Neal wearin' 22 inch sandals
Cory Gunz, Marley Marl, Kay Slay nigga, Papoose
Young Zee, the whole god damn crew
Deja, 34, back then I was so damn raw
Nobody could see we bar for bar, look at me
Superman vs. Bizarro, Kryptonite cargo embargo
Listen they ain't want no part yo
The red white and blue, 500 pound bomb proof
Shock troop [?] troop mark my [?]
The five ten program, freedom is a slave to no man
If you meet my on point, I got you
Lock 'em load 'em and shock 'em, rock 'em top to bottom
First cat put the kibosh on all columns, what options? Nothin', need oxygen
Howard Stern took me to a Hip-Hop event (One time)
But not again, what?

[Outro - Howard Stern, Canibus & (Man):]

Canibus is here

You hung out with Mike Tyson?

Yeah

Well how's that?

Mike's cool, he's cool

Is he cool?

Yeah

Do you think he's okay?

He's intelligent

Really?

Yeah

Where do you write with Mike Tyson? I mean did you, you wrote a song with him?

Yeah, yeah we, we-

Where did you go to his mansion in, uh, Las Vegas?

I, I've been with him there

Oh, you have

Yeah

Did you see the tiger that he has?

Yeah, he's got four. He lets 'em run loose

Oh my... What do they feed those things?

I don't know man, like raw chickens or somethin'

Really? Oh, that is sick man. Oh, that's wild man

(It's, you know. Things [?]. They don't talk about boxing.)

Yeah

Right

(They talk about, a lot of their theories on life and stuff.)

Right

Canibus is on top of the scene

See this guy's on the cutting edge of rap

How's your album sellin'?

It's certified gold

Is that right?

Yeah

Yeah, yeah, yeah!

Can-I-Bus, you know?

Right